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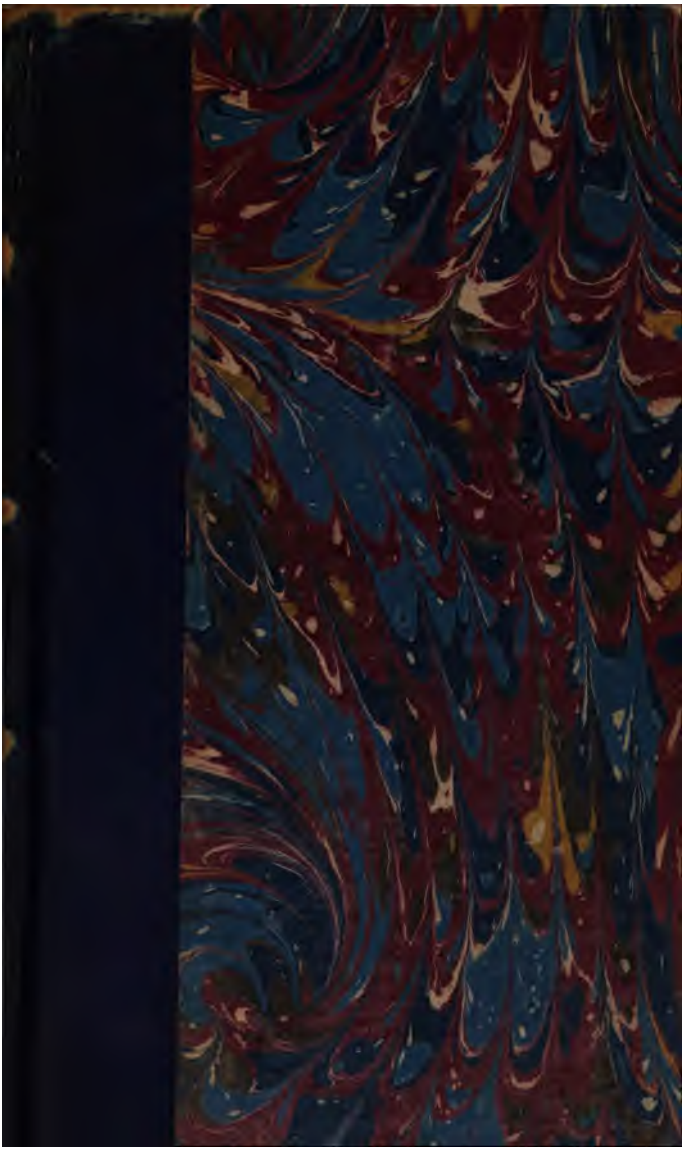

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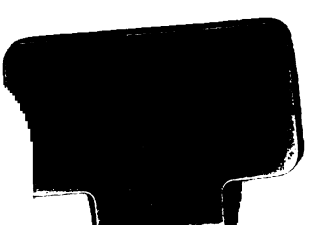
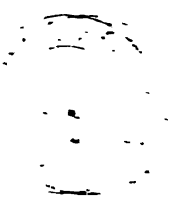


ENGLISH LYRICKS.

PART II.

BY WILLIAM SMYTH,

FELLOW OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON:

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1805.

280. c. 82

TO

WILLIAM WALLACE CURRIE,

ELDEST SON OF THE LATE

DR. JAMES CURRIE, OF LIVERPOOL.

ALLOW me to dedicate these Poems to you, as the Representative of your late inestimable Father; an affectionate Son like you, will be eager to receive any testimony to his various and exalted merits; and it is soothing to me to offer this tribute, however imperfect, to the Memory of one, whom I can never think of, but to regret, or name, but to honour.

W. SMYTH.

Macclesfield,
October 8th, 1805.

OH ever lost! the Friend, the matchless mind,
By science strengthen'd, and by truth inspired,
By virtue warm'd, by elegance refined,
By feeling soften'd, and by genius fired.

Too early lost, while every bliss was thine,
Look, spirit blest! oh couldst thou bend to see
How fond, while life and memory yet are mine,
How fond my heart shall turn to think on thee.

Fix'd is the law that bids th' alternate train
Of changing man, now flourish—now decay;
Fleet as the waves that o'er the watery plain,
But raise their forms to break and pass away.

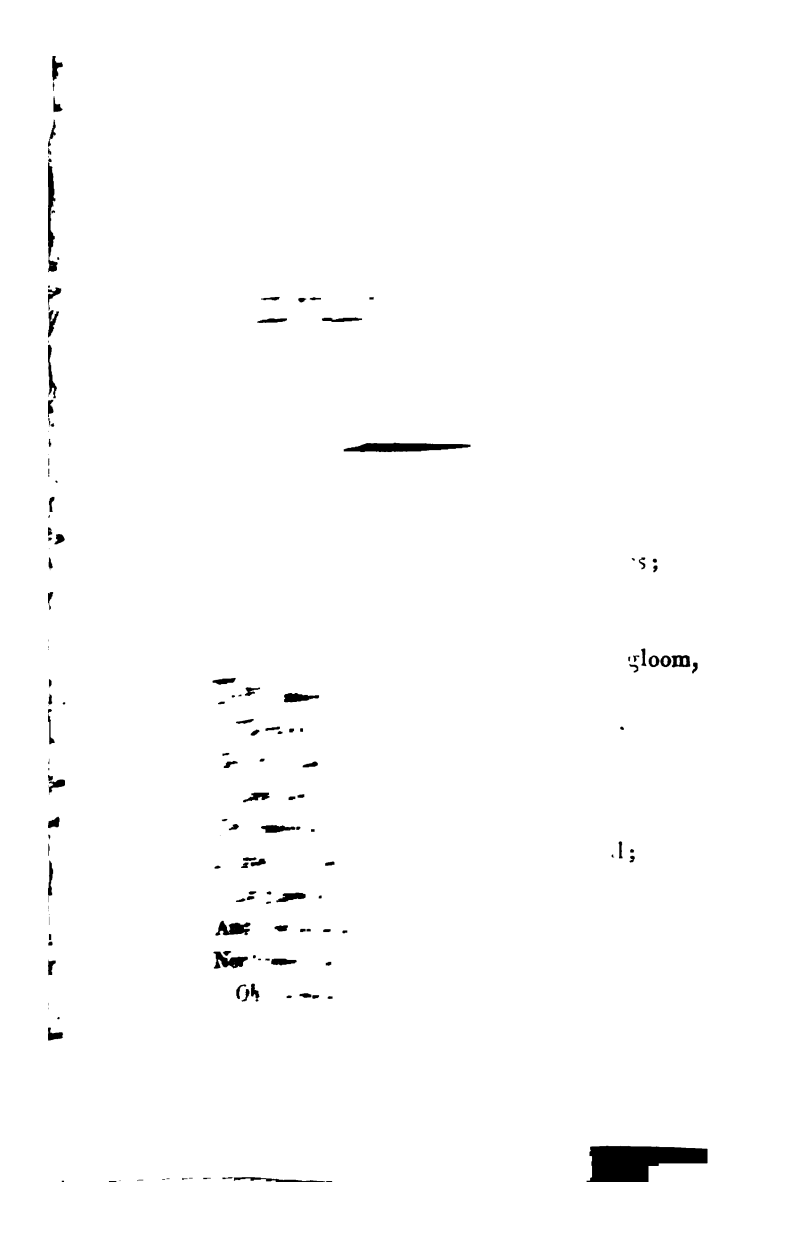
In vain may art the couch of sickness tend,
Or friendship sigh, or sympathy implore,
Or love, all sanguine, o'er the sufferer bend;
The mortal sinks, and every hope is o'er.

These brooding thoughts in useless pangs expire,
More soothing sounds let struggling nature hear;
Catch from religion's shrine an holier fire,
And wake to duty from her trance severe.

ENGLISH LYRICKS.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

THE hunter on the mountain's brow,
The rosy youth from study free,
Ne'er breathed, oh! Cheerfulness, a vow
More fond, than I have breathed to thee.
Yet sometimes, if in lonely hour
I leave thy loved, enchanting bower,
By glooms of wayward fancy driven;
And from thee turn my languid eyes,
Nor longer deem thy pleasures wise,
Oh! be my suffering heart forgiven.



Not always can the varying mind
  Bear to thy shrine an homage true;
Some chains mysterious seem to bind,
  Some sullen sorcery to subdue:
Nor always can the scene be gay,
Nor blest the morrow as to-day,
  And musing thoughts will sadness bring;
Can time so near me hourly fly,
Nor I his passing form descry,
  Nor ever hear his rustling wing?

E'en now I feel with vain regret,
  How soon these happy days must end;
Already seems my sun to set,
  I mark the shades of eve descend;
The visto catch, where sorrow grey
And weary pain are on their way;
  Beyond, with startled glance I see
The billows dark, the fated shore,
The forms that sink and rise no more,
  The ocean of eternity.

TO PITY.

OH! Pity, all my sighs are thine,
My follies pause, my bosom warms,
My musing griefs to bliss refine,
Whene'er I mark thy sorrowing forms;
The love-lorn maid that long believed,
Now sinking wan, now undeceived,
—Or him, 'mid fortune's gathering gloom,
Condemned the smile of bliss to wear,
While baffled hope, and rankling care,
His generous heart consume.

The exile grey, when start to view
The tears, that speak the exiled soul;
The mother, as she bids adieu,
And turns, her anguish to control;
The hectic form, the beauteous maid,
That just as life its charm display'd,

To death devoted, glides away,
With brilliant eye, that watery gleams,
While still the rosy spectre dreams
Of many a morrow gay.

Oh! Pity, not with careless mien,
With folly's smile, unmoved and cold,
Not thus I view even fiction's scene,
And all the weeping muse has told;
But oft as passion's hapless tale,
Or storied griefs my heart assail,
By wasted lamp, at midnight hour,
Still can I melt with fancied woe,
Still with thy soft delirium glow,
And bless with tears thy power.

Yet should I turn to some lone shed,
Where living hunger's cries complain,
To ruder scenes—the mansions dread,
Of squalid want, disease, and pain,
Oh! Pity, say, thou Being kind,
Could'st thou still rule my steady mind,
Still triumph, tho' disgust were near,
Recoiling quick with hurrying mien,
While round to urge my flight were seen,
The shapes of sickly fear.

Oh! if my heart should learn to sigh,
  Yet with no active kindness glow;
If shrinking and refined I fly,
  From each rude scene of real woe;
If fancy's beam the scene must warm,
And elegance diffuse her charm;
  If such thy vain imperfect sway,
Oh! Pity, I no more must dare
Thy dreams of pensive bliss to share,
  But sterner powers obey.

ODE

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

MUSE, let me still thy spirit share;
Oh! still thy scenes that melt in air,
Thy shadowy forms, thy trance to me be given,
And all thy visionary heaven.
Yet mute my lyre—for tho' thy carol rude
The crowd may hear; not their's the heart endued
With nicer sense, with each fine chord that rings,
When the full rapture swells, and pours along the strings.
Vain the pictures of the lyre,
The visions vain, that round the poet roll;
Far o'er the busy throng the sounds expire;
—The poet only reads the poet's soul.
Muse! when thou seest the sacred madness rise,
Oh waste not thou my heart's fond sacrifice:
But let me inly feel,
Deep drink thy raptures—not reveal.
Then o'er me come thy fervid hour,
Then round me move thy breathing pow'r.

Then bear me through each distant age,
In silence bear—Pelides' rage,
Orpheus, Alcides—heroes, bards divine,
Their dim discover'd world be mine.
—Or let me o'er far distant India gaze,
Where gleams the grandeur of departed days;
Or Greece and elder Rome—the Sabine farms,
And Marathon, and high resounding arts and arms.
Or let me view the giant brood,
The forest still, and list the Runic rhymes;
Or 'midst the darken'd age and tempest rude,
Enchanting bard! thy "tales of other times."
Or haste to eastern realms and cities famed,
Where gems and gold and mighty genii flamed;
Or knights and barons bold,
High dames and tournaments behold;
Or hear the bell for convent prayer
Startle the midnight desart air.

Or listen to the mourning sound
Of mortals, o'er the hallowed ground,
Amid dim aisles and shrines, in sacred vest,
Hymning the parted soul to rest.
Or inly brood on all the dread untold!
What 'tis to lie in death, a crumbling mould,

Closed, silent, dark—and what the being feels,
O'er whom the mourner weeps, and the slow anthem peals.
And what the woes that wait
For dire offence on earth—the dreaded doom;
And what the last sad hour of closing fate;
—Oh! breaks no morning o'er th' eternal gloom?
When suns and stars decay—to mortals shewn,
When blazing heavens unroll the living throne;
Oh then must human sighs?—
—Being of Beings! prostrate lies
My shuddering spirit—I adore,
And faint, and sink, and breathe no more.

ELEGY.

STILL dark with frowns return the sullen years,
Still move with rent and blood-stain'd robes away;
The giant Force his form terrific rears
To heaven, and bids th' astonish'd world obey.

Yet thou, my soul, tho' wreck'd around thee sink
All that can wake thy love, thy rev'rence claim,
Lose not thy last, best hope, nor stoop to think
Truth but a sound, and virtue but a name.

Few note the virtue that from view retires,
Few prize the worth, that every moment sees;
We mark the tempest's rage, the comet's fires,
Forget the shower, the sunshine, and the breeze.

While one pure bosom its own bliss foregoes,
While one firm mind the wound, it felt, forgives,
While one kind heart is touch'd with human woes,
All is not lost on earth, and virtue lives.

When shall the heart to virtue best disclose
Th' unaltered homage of its proud applause?
Then, when her votaries shrink, when leagued her foes,
When fails her promise, and forlorn her cause.

The eternal Being, that with parent care
Form'd and sustains the viewless insect's frame,
Taught He in vain the heart to melt in prayer,
In vain to glow with hope, to sink with shame?

Each motive dim is by his glance descried,
The sleepless moan, unheard on earth, he hears;
He marks each sacrifice to virtuous pride,
He counts affection's throbs, compassion's tears!

Revere, thou wedded fair, thyself, thy vow,
Tho' brutal wrongs thy faith, thy fondness wound;
The still small voice within that whispers now,
Shall o'er thy dying pillow rapture sound.

Thou man of worth, whom want has bowed and worn,
But bowed not to the proud oppressor's will,
Bear on undaunted—thou for bliss art born,
Eternity is thine—be virtuous still.

Oh! when this alter'd world is lost in gloom,
When earth to prostrate man no hope can yield,
Beam on the soul, thou world beyond the tomb,
By reason promised, and by God reveal'd.

BENEVOLENCE.

TRUE, Laura, true! I own with pain,
That goodness oft must toil in vain,
Thy beauteous charge, the orphan maid,
But ill thy generous care repaid;
How could the hapless truant flee
From peace, and innocence, and thee;
Oft as we stray, this cottage nigh,
I feel how just thy passing sigh.

See too, beneath yon oak reclined,
The clown to selfish sloth resigned,
The sottish churl, who wastes the day,
Far from his helpless home away;
In vain thy gentle wisdom tried
To touch his heart or wake his pride;
And hateful now thy care appears,
Nor duty he, nor nature, hears.

Yet Laura, pause—thy pain I share,
But not thy languors and despair;
Oh! let my tongue, which cannot chide,
Hint, (while it trusts thy fondness tried,)
That minds of hope and hurrying zeal,
When fails their wish, too keenly feel,
Nor bear defeat, nor brook delay,
And turn from virtue's toil away.

Thou canst not from this scene below,
Chase every vice and every woe;
Thou canst not wave a fairy wand,
Nor nature change, nor fate command;
Oh! faster will the weed appear,
Than art of thine the flower can rear,
Yet flowers by thee may learn to blow,
And weeds less rank, less widely grow.

Look round, my love, this hamlet see,
Its virtues all are reared by thee;
From thee its follies would retreat,
Its vices fear thy glance to meet;
To thee the young for learning bend,
The poor have marked thee for their friend;
And every grief to thee appeals,
Which pity soothes or bounty heals.

See, as we pass, each peasant's eye
Gives thee a praise no gold can buy;
Yon rosy child at distance view,
Preparing all in order due,
With curtsey grave to stop thy way,
And it shall look so proudly gay,
Soon as thy soft salute it hears,
Soon as thy smile its homage cheers.

—The tenderness, thy heart that warms,
Must win its last its finished charms,
From thoughts subdued, that inly soar,
And pious wisdom's stedfast lore.
Bless in thy bounded powers serene,
Thy narrow sphere, this village scene;
Thine be the toil prescribed by heaven;
Whate'er the joy, the harvest given.

Oft shall thy heart successful glow
With bliss, the virtuous only know;
And when 'tis doomed in vain to feel,
For woes, thou want'st the power to heal,
The world unknown, the happier seat,
Where then thy drooping thoughts retreat,
—That world shall prove, that not in vain,
Was felt thy heart's sublimer pain.

REFLECTION.

THE ball of last night, say, my Emily, say,
Did it please us, my love, tho' so brilliant and gay?---
'Twas not the bright region, which once it had been,
When we flutter'd around it, to see and be seen.
In thy looks, (I could read them) were painfully shewn,
The thoughts of thy bosom—the thoughts of my own.

And still on those looks, tho' the morning is here,
Soft tinges of lingering sadness appear;
For the tale of thy heart is too heavy with truth,
—Gone, gone, are the hours of enchantment and youth;
They smiled as they passed—but so gaily they flew,
That we heard them not bid us for ever adieu.

Yet say, do not others advancing appear?
Oh! turn and behold them, more kind, more sincere,
More gentle are these, and tho' modest their mien,
Tho' near them no frolics, no raptures are seen,
Content, the calm pleasures, the virtues are nigh,
And a form that instructs them and points to the sky.

A world have I known, thy attractions admire,
And thy spirits no toil, and no gaiety tire;
Thy triumphs I shar'd—yet must youth pass away,
And life, as it blossom'd, mature and decay,
Regret for the past may the present destroy,
But no art can their pleasures united enjoy.

When the fruits of the autumn thy senses invite,
No longer can spring with her promise delight,
When the hearth brightly blazes, the winter to cheer,
When the song, and the dance, and the viol we hear,
Ask not for the beams which the summer adorn,
The soft sighs of eve, or the smiles of the morn.

Look, Emily, look, thro' creation's wide range,
All is life and extinction, succession and change,
Advancing—retiring—our pleasures we see,
They are fleeting, my love, and as fleeting are we;
The reasoner may sigh, and the beauty repine,
—'Tis the law of our being, enjoy and resign.

Yet come, ye cold glooms, and ye clouds gather round,
My bosom a refuge, a shelter has found,
Thee, Emily, thee; swiftly rolls on the year,
But it finds thee more honour'd, and leaves thee more dear:
To thee my heart turns in all changes unmoved,
And when dying shall bless thee—as living it loved.

THE POET.

THE towering thought, the living lyre,
The soul that wings the song with fire,
The listening world, the deathless name,
Are these, fond youth, thy daring claim?
Then take thy wreath—yet calm survey,
The perils of the muse's sway;
And while for thee I twine the bays,
Oh! hear the warning voice I raise.

Ne'er shall the temperate virtues find
A welcome in thy thoughtless mind,
Those virtues that maturely rise,
To shield the good, and grace the wise:
Each feverish hope—each fretful woe,
Each passion wild, thy heart shall know;
Nor feel the self-controlling power,
That counsels for the distant hour:

Thy soaring spirit shall despise
Each humble bliss, that life supplies;
To thee the world shall withered seem,
When dragged from fancy's finer dream;
Yet must thy heart be doomed to share
The ills, thy fellow mortals bear;
And vain thy sickly wish to fly
From tasteless cold reality.

Thou canst not tread, ('twere sorrow vain)
The tedious path of lowly gain;
Yet proudly shall thy jealous mind
Repel the aid of bounty kind;
Friendship in vain shall o'er thee bend,
Nor know to counsel or defend,
Even they, who love the muse's lyre,
Shall from thy helpless woes retire.

Wayward and lone, the nectar'd bowl
Gives thee the trance of soft control,
The pause from care, the rest from pain,
Which hapless thought no more can gain;
—But on thy waking eyes shall glare
Disease, and anguish, and despair,
And Poverty, with squalid mien
And feeble cry, shall close the scene.

Who then shall for thy genius feel,
Thy virtues rouse, thy spirit heal?
Dullness shall see thy vessel torn,
And safe on shore shall smile in scorn;
The world, that loved to hear thy woe,
Melodious in thy numbers flow,
Shall careless from thy misery turn,
Nor further seek thy griefs to learn.

In vain, by thee, this world unkind
Is charmed, instructed, and refined;
It leaves thee by thy worth alone,
To build an happiness thine own;
And sunk in ruins shall expire
The mind that winged the song with fire,
Tho' still the song may live to fame,
And guard the hapless Poet's name.

Why draining deep the poison'd bowl,
With flashing eye, and bursting soul,
Ah! why did Chatterton expire,
—He struck the muse's fatal lyre—
What heart but felt his powerful sway,
Who mourned o'er Auburn, swept away;
But what the meed which genius gave?
—A life enslaved—an early grave.

And he, whose voice of Jaffier sung,
And he, whose harp the passions strung,
And dying Burns—our praise, our sighs,
In incense vain, too late arise !—
But thou, fond youth, go wiser thou,
To prudence bear thy timely vow,
The Poet's fame, the lyre divine,
But not the Poet's fate be thine.

ELEGY I.

TO WISDOM.

OH Wisdom, not to thee the song of praise
I wake triumphant, or the votive strain;
My spirit sinks—my strength, my life decays—
To thee my heart would sorrow and complain.

Didst thou not win my childhood's giddy years,
'Till well the horn-book task, the sacred lay,
The tale, I learn'd, by others conn'd with tears,
And right could spell the column's long array.

'Till 'mid her rosy school, the learned dame
Call'd me, in favour, near her wheel to stand;
Oft shared her sway, as earlier evenings came,
And bade me lisping teach her lisping band.

Didst thou not charm my step, with kindliest smile,
  New worlds of growing labor to explore;
Teach me on cyphers cyphers high to pile,
  Wake my young pride, and lure me to thy lore.

My boyish mind in trance enraptur'd hold
  'Mid heroes—giants—all, that wond'rous seem'd,
The hermit sailor and the outlaw bold,
  While eastern genii thro' my slumbers gleam'd.

And rude I deem'd, and all unfit to please,
  Each thoughtless pastime of the youthful day;
To guide the skiff, and lean along the breeze,
  The gleaning covey's whirring flight to stay;

With hound and horn to cheer the woodland's side,
  And catch each bliss to bounding vigor known,
Or skim with mimic fly the mountain tide,
  That silvery eddies round the hoary stone.

E'en 'mid my school-mates on the sunny plain,
  Oft, when their earnest sports I seemed to share,
How have I learn'd with meditating pain,
  The morrow's task in secret to prepare.

Didst thou not touch with fire my graver mind,
And nature's mysteries promise to unfold—?
And cheer me while I toil'd, to thee resign'd,
Thro' all the sage had taught, the scholar told.

Didst thou not whisper dreams of deathless fame,
Of matchless bliss bestow'd by thee alone;
Of grateful ages and the loud acclaim
Of friends, who in my triumphs felt their own—?

Oh! with what rapture, as thy guidance led
Thro' thy fresh landscapes, did my steps pursue;
Bright flowers and prospects fair before me spread,
And still I onward press'd, still ardent flew.

Why, Wisdom, dimmer grows thy angel form,
Less beauteous why thy flowers and landscapes all;
Less gay thy prospects, and thy skies less warm,
And why these chilling glooms that round me fall?

Where is thy bliss—thy fame—thy mysteries where?
—Thee while I follow, time already, see,
Has touch'd with blighting hand my auburn hair,
And smiles contemptuous when I point to thee.

—Oh carol as thou goest, thou village hind!
And whistle, as thou break'st the furrow'd plain;
Gay is thy heart, for vacant is thy mind,
Not thine the thoughts that labouring mourn in vain.

Ye, too, who sport in pleasure's rosy ray,
Who mock the student, and his griefs despise,
To me, all maniac seem'd your frolics gay;
Yet blest your madness, and your folly wise.

Can learning's toil th' eternal cause reveal,
Say, why thus mix'd our virtues and our doom,
Teach, what the powers within that think and feel,
Or tell the shuddering secrets of the tomb?

These splendid wonders, and these mysteries high,
Are these, for reasoning man too poor a theme?
Can helpless nature cast on these her eye,
And long not, sigh not, for a brighter beam?

Ye glittering stars, that while to heaven I raise
My thoughts, in wilder'd musings lost, destroy'd,
Ye glittering stars, that meet my lonely gaze,
In careless grandeur scatter'd o'er the void;

Ye worlds on worlds, that silent and serene,
Seem nought of trouble or of pain to know;
Oh dwells there aught within your distant scene,
Aught that can think and feel, like man below?

Ye spirits, that secure from earthly woes,
Far thro' yon azure realms in rapture speed;
Or soar where full the living glory flows,
And hymn at heav'ns high throne th' extatic meed;

By heaven's own influence blest, inform'd, inspir'd,
On human reasonings, darkened and forlorn,
On minds, like mine, by endless mazes tir'd,
Oh look ye down in pity or in scorn?

Eternal Being! thou that 'midst the blaze
Of seraph hosts—what sudden tremors chill?
Oh! lift not up, my soul, thy venturous gaze,
Down sink into thyself—be mute—be still.

ELEGY II.

TO WISDOM.

BESIDE this russet heath, this forest drear,
That strews with yellow leaves the moisten'd plain;
Here, where the green path winds, ah Wisdom! here,
Did once my daring lyre to thee complain.

Soft was the midnight air, that sooth'd my frame,
In thought severe had pass'd the studious day;
Cold paused the spirits, and th' ethereal flame
In dim and languid musings died away.

Calm, silent, all—I seemed with step forlorn
Singly to wander on a desart world;
I started when the bird first hail'd the morn,
That wide had now his reddening clouds unfurl'd.

Returning seasons since have pass'd away;
Oft has the spring with violets deck'd the vale,
The bee oft humm'd along the summer day,
And the lake darken'd in the wintry gale.

In youth's bright morn how boldly on the mind,
Rise the wild forms of thought in colours new;
'Tis time and time alone, whose skill refin'd
The picture slowly gives to nature true.

Thee Wisdom, could I chide, thy gifts decry?
Turn from thy bliss by restless ardor fired?
—How like these idle leaves that withered lie,
Seem now the fancies that my soul inspired!

Who smile at fortune, and who conquer pain?
Whose is the world in fame's bright visions shewn?
Who wake th' unconscious mind, the barren plain,
And wield great nature's strength from reason's throne?

If thy blest votaries mourn, oh where shall end
Man's wayward sorrows, and his wishes blind;
If from thy sacred paths his steps he bend,
What rest, what refuge shall his wanderings find.

Not like the sage my daring mind I wing
  Aloft to bear the ensigns of thy power;
Yet Wisdom come, and all thy pleasures bring
  To bless the silence of my lonely hour.

Come, to my chasten'd mind thy realms reveal,
  (The glimmering path, the thorny maze I leave)
Calm realms, where life a modest bliss may steal,
  Nor reason toil in vain, nor hope deceive.

Scare thou the finer dreams that idly please;
  Oh let not studious pride its strength abuse,
Nor lofty indolence in selfish ease,
  In passive thought, the golden moments lose.

When roams the mind to worlds in darkness closed,
  When sinks the humbled heart, and sighs to thee;
Tell thou of manly faith on God reposed,
  And hope shall picture what thou can'st not see.

SONGS.

SONG.

OH! Henry, sure, by every art
I school my mind to bear its trial,
But moments come, when tears will start,
And grief no longer brook denial,
Not always can my heart atchieve
Thy parting task, to fly from sorrow—
By reason's aid to cease to grieve,
And trust the hope that gilds the morrow.

I trust it now—my heart is gay,
I feel the aid of calmer reason;
Oh come it will the lingering day,
When love and bliss shall have their season,
The perils that my soldier try
Shall but the more his worth discover,
And fame shall sound his praise on high,
My hero brave—my life—my lover.

My Henry shall with peace return,
And war no more our hearts shall sever;
And bright this happy hearth shall burn,
And smiles and joy be ours for ever,
Oh! then how blest!—no more to part,
To share his bliss—his love—his glory—
Live the proud partner of his heart,
And tell our boys their father's story.

SONG.

THE bard, whom the charms of Maria inspire,
Who steals from his subject applause for his lyre,
May tenderly sigh, when some summers are o'er,
And he finds, as he thinks, that her charms are no more,
The beauties he prais'd, he no longer may see,
But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

Her cheek the warm rose may no longer display,
But can time with the rose steal the dimple away?
Her eyes with a lustre less brilliant may beam,
But there shall affection more tenderly gleam,
And softer, and dearer their promise shall be,
That Maria shall still be Maria to me.

The first in the dance she no longer may shine,
And the joys of the dance shall then cease to be mine,
The crowd she no longer with rapture may fire,
And I from the crowd can contented retire;
Fast, fast, may the leaves drop from pleasure's gay tree,
But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

The bank by the streamlet may moulder away,
The rock stands uninjured and knows no decay,
Time her form may despoil, but must leave me behind,
Her manners, her virtues, her heart, and her mind;
Roll on then ye summers, no change shall I see,
But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

SONG.

A Soldier am I, the world over I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange;
How welcome a Soldier wherever he roves,
Attended like Venus, by Mars, and the Loves,
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there:
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the Drum.

" The Soldiers are coming," the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by,
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares,
Outstretched is her neck, till the Soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the breeze,
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the Drum.

The veteran half dozing awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews;
Near his knee, his young grandson, with extacy hears,
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers,
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew,
To his heart, spirits new, in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the Drum.

Who loves not a Soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save,
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone,
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the Drum.

SONG.

OH! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is ambition's treasure,
And what are the joys which the modish share,
In their haunts of sickly pleasure.
The shade, with its silence, oh! is it not sweet,
And to lie in the sun by the fountain,
And the wild-flower's scent at eve to meet,
And to rove o'er the heath and the mountain.

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet marked, as 'tis springing,
The zephyr heard, as at eve it sighs,
The Blackbird loved for its singing?
Oh! there can alone the heart be gay,
The thought be free from sorrow,
And soft the night, and short the day,
And welcome again the morrow.

SONG.

AGAIN to thy responsive wire,
Again, my darling harp, I fly ;
For hopes, and fears, and cares retire,
And every grief, when thou art nigh ;
Oh ! to my longing spirit give,
The sounds which still my bliss renew,
For I my harp with thee could live,
And bid for thee the world adieu.

Yet should the youth, whose favoured name,
To thee I breathe, to thee alone,
Should he approach—Oh ! let me claim,
Thy gentlest strain, thy tenderest tone ;
Try each sweet note, each dying fall,
Till pleased he hang thy whispers o'er ;
Then say, I never wished to call,
Such softened sounds from thee before.

SONG.

THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
By thinking of the morrow;
To day be mine—I leave the rest
To all the fools of sorrow;
Give me the mind that mocks at care,
The heart, its own defender;
The spirits that are light as air,
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
We meet—'tis death or glory;
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or fame in Britain's story;
Dear native land—thy fortunes frown,
And ruffians would enslave thee;
Thou land of honor and renown,
Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you—'tis I—that meet the ball,
And me, it better pleases
In battle with the brave to fall,
Than die of cold diseases;
Than drivel on in elbow chair,
With saws and tales unheeded,
A tottering thing of aches and care,
Nor longer loved, nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
Thine eye with fire is streaming;
And o'er thy cheek—thy looks—thine air
Health sits in triumph beaming;
Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty,
Love, friendship, honor, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

THE BEE.

THOU cheerful bee! come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower;
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour;
Oh! try no more yon tedious fields,
Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
The treasure of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom—all are thine.

And careless of this noon-tide heat,
I'll follow as thy ramble guides;
To watch thee pause, and chafe thy feet,
And sweep them o'er thy downy sides.
Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
And all thy busiest ardour ply;
Then, o'er the stem, tho' fair it grow,
With touch rejecting, glance and go.

Oh nature kind! oh labourer wise!
That roam'st along the summer ray,
Glean'st every bliss, thy life supplies,
And meet'st prepar'd thy wintry day.
Go, envied go—with crowded gates,
The hive thy rich return awaits,
Bear home thy store, in triumph gay,
And shame each idler on thy way.

INSCRIPTION.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou noisy town,
Thou scene of restless glare;
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,
No peace—no love is there;
How dull thy splendid evenings close!
How sad thy joys to me!
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,
And all thy misery.

But welcome to my longing eyes
Dear objects, ever new,
My rural cot, yon varying skies,
Streams, woods, and mountains blue.
With these my humble spirit finds
Health, liberty, and rest;
The silent joys of simple minds,
And leisure to be blest.

ELEGY.

STILL with our fate would helpless sorrow strive;
Denied the object loved from death to save,
We bid the sigh to distant times survive,
By fond memorials o'er the honoured grave.

The turf we fashion and the briar entwine;
Frail, like ourselves, the record vain decays;
We raise the stone, soon destined to resign,
The moss-grown traces of our fleeting praise.

And e'en tho' art and wealth their succour lend,
The changing world new scenes of thought supplies,
The marble forms in grief unheeded bend,
And the cold grandeur in oblivion lies.

Yet still, thou mourner o'er the death-bed stand,
Still honor as thou can'st the breathless clay;
Still bring thy flowers and strew with pious hand,
And weep behind the bier in slow array.

And raise the stone, inscribe the record kind,
And all thy heart's vain tenderness reveal,
And guard the dust in awful hope resign'd,
And bow to heaven, that form'd thee thus to feel.

'Tis thine own image that departing sighs,
'Tis thine own fate that glooms upon the bier,
'Tis thine own nature that for pity cries,
And bids thee in the grave thyself revere.

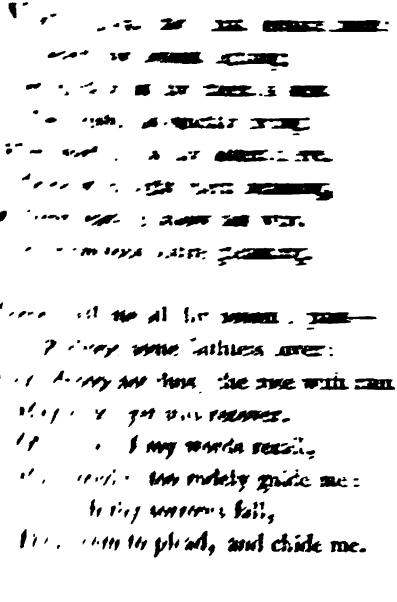
THE DREAM.

SCENES of my youth! thou nameless power,
That weav'st these visions of the night;
Oh! that my wish could on thee shower,
Whate'er might bless thee, or delight.
Thou, that couldst bid each pleasure fled,
Each hope, each joy, like roses shed,
Blooming and gay again appear,
My pulses throb—my temples burn,
And did ye—did ye then return,
Scenes of my youth, so lost, so dear?

Again I join'd the sprightly dance,
And in its mazes, circling nigh;
Seemed, once again, to catch the glance;
The stolen glance of Julia's eye.

Then, airy, gallant, happy, young,
The frolic urged, the carol sung,
  Led up the ranks of noisy glee,
Passed glittering on from throng to throng,
Laugh'd, bounded, as I moved along,
  And waked from very extacy.

But thou that shew'st my sense deceiv'd,
  That night's gay visions are untrue;
And tell'st me all my youth believ'd,
  Alas! was but a vision too.
Thou! reason, thou, from dreams more grave,
From soberer faults and follies save;
  Oh! timely teach me well to use
The fleeting hours which yet remain,
For calmer bliss, for hope less vain,
  —The hours which even now I lose.



I too the secret wound have known,
That makes existence languish;
Links to the soul one thought alone,
And that, a thought of anguish;
Forgive, forgive an aching heart,
That vainly hoped to cheer thee—
These tears may tell thee, while they start,
How all thy griefs endear thee.

THE LATE SUMMER.

UNWILLING and with colder ray,
The summer comes—her timid form
Distrusts the still uncertain day,
Nor feels as yet the landscape warm.
No zephyr with his passing wing,
No laughing sounds of rosy spring
Have waked her, from her long repose;
But time has roused with ruder hand,
And called her with that stern command
Which no denial knows.

Yet brightens in the passing gleam,
Yet freshens in the sudden shower,
The leaf, the bloom; the strengthening beam
Draws odours from the woodbine bower,
And darkling thro' the path retir'd,
With shade and silence comes inspir'd.

The Poet, lonely and refined;
Bids on his cheek the soft airs blow,
And feels th' entranced, th' Elysian glow
That melts the musing mind.

And now for boundless power he sighs,
Arcadian ages to recall,
Now high his griefs indignant rise,
O'er honour's wrongs, and freedom's fall;
Then happier scenes his fancy forms,
How from the world's surrounding storms
His sheltered muse may yet retire.
And how the boy that climbs his knee,
May boast his name, and live to see,
The triumphs of his lyre.

Fond Bard! thou mark'st th' expected hours,
Of hapless May no blossoms bring;
And think'st thou, nought but fields and flowers
Can droop beneath a wint'ry spring?
Oh! droop not thus the Poet's lays,
When cold and late the breath of praise?
—Yet why thy dreams of bliss resign,
Enjoy thy visionary fame—
Oh! that each wish to build a name
Were innocent as thine!

FOLLY.

AWAY, ye grave—I war declare,
For I the praise of Folly sing,
She gives my looks their careless air,
She gives my thoughts eternal wing;
She gives me bliss—can you do more?
Oh! never gave ye such a treasure,
Be wisdom yours—I'll not deplore,
Be Folly mine—and all her pleasure.

Ah! what were life, of Folly reft?
A world, which no kind sun could warm,
A child, to step-dame reason left;
No sweet to please—no toy to charm,
Where, mirth, were then thy frolic gleams?
Where, wit, thy whims and gay effusions,
And where, O hope! thy golden dreams,
Enchanting smiles, and dear delusions.

How, think you, would poor friendship fare,
Did Folly never friendship blind,
And had not love found Folly there,
How soon had love the world resign'd;
And is it not at honey moon,
That Hymen laughs at melancholy?
And would he mournful look so soon,
If still he kept on terms with Folly.

What soldier would consent to fight,
What tar be to the bottom hurl'd,
What poet sing—what scholar write,
Were folly banished from the world?
Tell me, whom most this goddess rules,
Is it the patients or physicians,
Whom shall we call the greatest fools,
The people or the politicians?

What charms in opera, ball, or play,
Did Folly not the scene attend,
How poor the rich, how sad the gay,
Were Folly not their truest friend;
How ever should we hope to find,
Pleased with itself each happy creature,
If all were wise, and none were blind,
And Folly never succour'd nature.

For once be wise, ye grave ones hear,
  Why need I more my theme pursue,
If all alike such fools appear,
  Let me with smiles be pardon'd too;
Wisdom you love—and so do I—
  Am no derider—no despiser,
But I of fools, the grave ones fly,
  And think the merry fools the wiser.

LAURA.

FAIR Laura's heart new tremors seize,
For colder hopes from Pisa came,
Tho' bright the sky, and soft the breeze,
Still drooped her brother's faded frame.

And starting to her beauteous eyes,
Again I marked th' unbidden tear;
My reasoning tongue no aid supplies,
She melts with grief, she sinks with fear.

Oh! come, I cried, the breathing spring
To thee shall all its bliss display,
Soft pleasures to thy mind shall bring,
And steal thee from thyself away.

We ranged the fields, the sunshine smil'd,
Faintly she praised the cooling gale;
But heard no lark that carol'd wild,
And saw no primrose in the vale.

The stream we sought, no more she sees
The landscape in the wave reflected;
The sparkling tide, the deepening trees,
The rock, the willow, all neglected.

In vain I shewed at close of day,
What once her wandering eye could charm,
The western wave, the slanting ray,
The cloud with varying lustre warm.

To fashion's realms my fancy flies,
I tell of whims and follies gay;
With languid look she faint replies,
And smiles my gaiety away.

The poet's song, the sprightly page,
The drama, or the tale I read;
Awhile the magic sounds engage,
But soon the ebbing thoughts recede.

And now her musings she resigns,
Again the song she bids me try;
Her cheek, she on her hand reclines,
And lifts to mine her grateful eye.

Again I read, I melt, I burn,
As wills the bard—my glance I raise—
But now no more those looks discern,
That kindling spoke the poet's praise.

In vain the muse, by heaven inspir'd,
Here had the mind by reason charm'd;
There by new forms the fancy fir'd,
Here all the soul to rapture warm'd.

Unmark'd my voice, unfelt the lay,
A passing dream, a tinkling sound;
Too soon was lost each cheerful ray,
In clouds of grief, that gather'd round.

How vain! when lost the bosom's ease.
How vain our wish, relief to find,
From all that once had power to please,
While light the heart and gay the mind.

But Laura's tear no longer flows,
And sprightlier now her voice is heard;
No more her faded looks disclose,
The sickening tale of hope deferr'd.

Far happier sounds from Pisa came,
Her doubts and tears and sighs are o'er;
She saw reviv'd her brother's frame,
She clasp'd him on his native shore.

The changeful fates for mortals weave,
A mingled web of joy and sorrow;
The gentle heart to day may grieve,
But throbs with richer bliss to-morrow.

THE VINDICATION.

OH! no, my love; thy vindication,
My willing thoughts already find;
The kindest heart may feel vexation,
And wisdom leave the wisest mind;
What tongue can tell each strange emotion,
That rules the soul with wayward power;
Countless as are the waves of ocean,
And transient as the sunny shower.

Some friend perhaps, with harsh intrusion,
Had whisper'd censures too severe;
Dispell'd, perhaps, some fond illusion,
Some hope, to dreaming fancy dear;
The balls, to which so gay we hasted,
The circling scenes of fashion's glare,
Leave thee, perhaps, with spirits wasted,
The restless child of spleen and care.

Some pleasure fails thee for to-morrow;
Or pleasure's self no more can please;
A mind, like thine, untouch'd by sorrow,
A whim may fret, a trifle teize;
Dear to my life, my bosom's treasure,
Loving and loved, I ask no more,
No critic scales have I to measure
The faults of her, that I adore.

'Mid rival minds, 'mid struggling trial
Of chance and change, defeat and pain;
'Tis thus that man can self-denial,
And patience, temper, wisdom gain;
But, heavenly woman, softness, beauty,
Tears, sighs, and smiles! must woman learn,
'Mid sufferings learn, man's fitter duty,
His colder heart, and virtues stern.

Oh no, from me no haughty railings,
No words of sway shall love dethrone;
Unschool'd by me thy faults and failings,
I turn to quarrel with my own;
The poets to describe his blindness,
Round Cupid's eyes a fillet drew,
Come, drop with me a veil of kindness,
And shroud the eyes of Hymen too.

POEMS

FIRST PUBLISHED

IN

THE METRICAL

MISCELLANY.

THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

" SAY, who art thou, and whence thy cure
" For sorrows such as I endure?
" Will at thy word the grave restore
" The youth I ever must deplore?
" Vain boaster can'st thou calm a mind
" That joy, that hope, has now resign'd?
" Unmov'd, alas! fatigued I hear
" Reason's dull murmurs in mine ear.
" Religion would my sighs restrain,
" Her soothing voice I list in vain;
" And virtue bids me closer fold
" The grief which to my heart I hold.—
" Say who art thou, and whence thy cure
" For sorrows such as I endure?

Fair mourner! all these taunts severe
I reck not—for I often hear,
Resistless is my powerful sway:
Thy heart must break, or must obey.
Disdain me, yet whate'er thy sorrow,
From me shalt thou thy comfort borrow:
Mark these firm wings that never fold,
This hour-glass, and this scythe behold:
Already hast thou learnt from me
In words to paint thy misery!

OLIVIA SLEEPING.

THE night her empire had resign'd,
And bright the sun his orb display'd,
No more to sleep my eyes inclin'd,
Yet near my love I still delay'd.

Still blest delay'd; a casual beam
Had glanc'd the curtain's veil beside,
And pour'd its unexpected gleam
Where lay repos'd my bosom's pride.

O'er her I hung, and watch'd the ray
Thro' her loose tresses shadowy wind,
And round that neck soft fade away
Which on my happy arm reclin'd.

More full, the beam reveal'd to view
The cheek which warm in slumber glow'd,
The lip, which ere I bade adieu,
Look'd as if still it kisses ow'd.

But sure that cheek too warmly glows,
  Disturb'd, distress'd, my love appears:
Quick throbs her heart—I'll bid unclose
  Those beauteous eyes—they stream with tears.

Olivia—deep her bosom sigh'd,
  Her eyes diffused a sadden'd gleam,
Till starting—"Art thou there?" she cried—
  "Ah me! how blest—'twas but a dream!"

TO LAURA.

YOU bid me sing the song you love,
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest, when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song, you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard, who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread,
The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,
How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day,
For like the master of the lyre
He too has lived, and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd,
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form, the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay;
Alas! while lives the song to charm;
All but the song has past away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh.
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on, and mourn, thou generous maid,
  Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
  An hour destroy, an hour renew.
Vain humbled man! must every pride—
  —All thy fond glories feel decay?
Must every boast if once allied
  To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
  Whate'er thy reasoning mind rever'd:
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
  All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh Laura! haste thee to my breast!
  Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
  Dost thou too live to pass away?

FOR MUSIC.

WHEN brightly glows the western wave beneath the sun declining,
And languid sounds the distant tide, retiring from the shore,
'Tis then I sink, to pensive thought my melting soul resigning,
Surrender'd sink, while care disturbs, and reason wakes no more.
I muse of all that childhood loved, ere age its joys derided,
Of all that youth delighted sketch'd, while hope the pencil guided,
Of all that once my heart believed while tenderness presided,
And every scene that mem'ry throws her lonely radiance o'er.

But oh! how kindly-soothing then in gentle cadence stealing,
Comes music with its soften'd airs, and seems to breathe and sigh,
Sweet as the voice which friendship pours, when not our woes concealing,
She owns that we with reason mourn, yet tells of comfort nigh.
Then wake the lyre to sounds that float on lengthen'd pensive measures,
Oh, wake the lyre! and give my soul its dear, its richest treasures,
And tell my heart, tho' now forlorn, that still it has its pleasures;
Those sounds again! like other bliss they seem too soon to die.

THE MAID

WITH BOSOM COLD.

OF me they cry, I'm often told—
" See there the Maid with bosom cold !
" Indifference o'er her heart presides,
" And love and lovers she derides ;
" Their idle darts, unmeaning chains,
" Fantastic whims and silly pains :
" In pride secure, in reason bold,
" See there the Maid with bosom cold."

Ah ! ever be they thus deceiv'd !
Still be my bosom cold believ'd,
And never may inquiring eyes
Pierce thro' unhappy love's disguise :
Yet could they all my bosom share,
And see each painful tumult there,
Ah ! never should I then be told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

A fate severe, my suffering mind
To endless struggles has consign'd,
I feel a flame I must not own,
I love, yet every hope is flown;
Too strong to let my passion sway,
Too weak to teach it to obey,
I agonize, and then am told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

The joy o'er all my looks exprest
Conceals a bosom ill at rest;
To balls and routs I haste away,
But only imitate the gay:
I jest at love and mock his power,
Yet feel his triumph every hour;
And lost to ev'ry bliss, am told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

Unable from myself to fly,
I catch each word, I read each eye;
Antonio comes—I die with fear
Lest others mark my faultering air;
My eye perhaps too fondly gaz'd,
My tongue too much—too little prais'd;
Suspicion's trembling slave—I'm told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

With anxious toil, with ceaseless care,
Content and careless I appear;
All mirth beneath another's eye,
Alone I heave the helpless sigh,
Hang musing o'er his image dear,
Feel on my cheek th' unbidden tear,
And think, ah! why should I be told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold?

The flower may wave its foliage gay,
And flaunt it to the garish day,
Unseen the while, a canker's pow'r
May haste its honours to devour;
And thus, while vainly round me play
Youth's zephyr-breath, and pleasure's ray,
My fate unknown, my tale untold,
Thus sinks the Maid with bosom cold.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

THEY tell me, Muse, (oh! words of fear)
Tis ruin thus thy lyre to hear,
That thou hast smiles, that but deceive me;
That idly, while thy power inspires,
My mind consumes, my life retires—
They tell me, Muse, that I must leave thee.

Oh! when the sun, with welcome ray,
Warms chilly spring's uncertain day,
And varying fancies grieve and cheer me;
Stealing the sheltered vale along,
Oh! must I wake no answering song,
Tho' nature calls, and thou art near me?

Or when the summer's fiercest heat
Bids me to shady streams retreat,
And languors seize, and dreams amuse me;
Attuned to peace and love and thee,
In all the bliss of vacancy,
Then dear enchantress, must I lose thee!

When calm the sky, the landscape still,
At autumn's eve, and near the rill,
Or on the mountain, thou art nigh me,
To bid me mark the short'ning day,
The fading world, and man's decay,
Then, pensive teacher, must I fly thee.

Or when from splendor's tumult gay,
Or noisy mirth, I glide away
To some lone room, where none perceive me;
And sit the beating rain to hear,
Or whistling wind in winter drear,
Oh! would they bid me then to leave thee?

How ever shall these reasoners cold
Of fancy's dreams, of joys be told,
Of joys their wisdom cannot measure;
That summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Can each to me its offerings bring,
In ceaseless round of harmless pleasure.

They know not how the deepening trees,
Dark glens and shadowy rocks can please,
The morning blush, the smile of even;
What streams and lawns and mountains mean,
The dying gale, the breathing scene,
The midnight calm, the whispering heaven.

They know not how thy ready smile,
Thy guardian power, can life beguile,
And let nor spleen nor folly teize me;
And, or by fancy's colours bright,
Or sympathy's soft dewy light,
Give every object charms to please me.

A thousand times to me they say,
That I to wealth my vows should pay,
That bliss resides in golden treasures;
Ah! dearest Muse, how far above
Such prostitute, such hapless love,
How far removed are all my pleasures!

They bid me worldly honours gain,
And toil, perhaps, with useless pain,
To feel, when barter'd every blessing,
To feel, too late, that life's sole aim,
Had only won a vulgar fame,
And toys, I think, not worth possessing.

Quit not, they cry, the common road,
There best is happiness bestowed,
Where fancy rests, and hope reposes.
But I, with thee, midst sunny bowers,
Am wandering far and lose the hours,
In twining wreathes and gathering roses.

Ah! Muse, to me thy fondness shew,
If I, for thee the world forego,
And brave neglect, and scorn inherit;
No thoughts, no bliss with others share,
And all thy marks of folly bear—
—Ah! let me bear thy marks of merit.

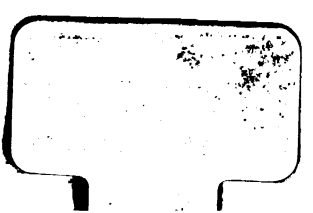
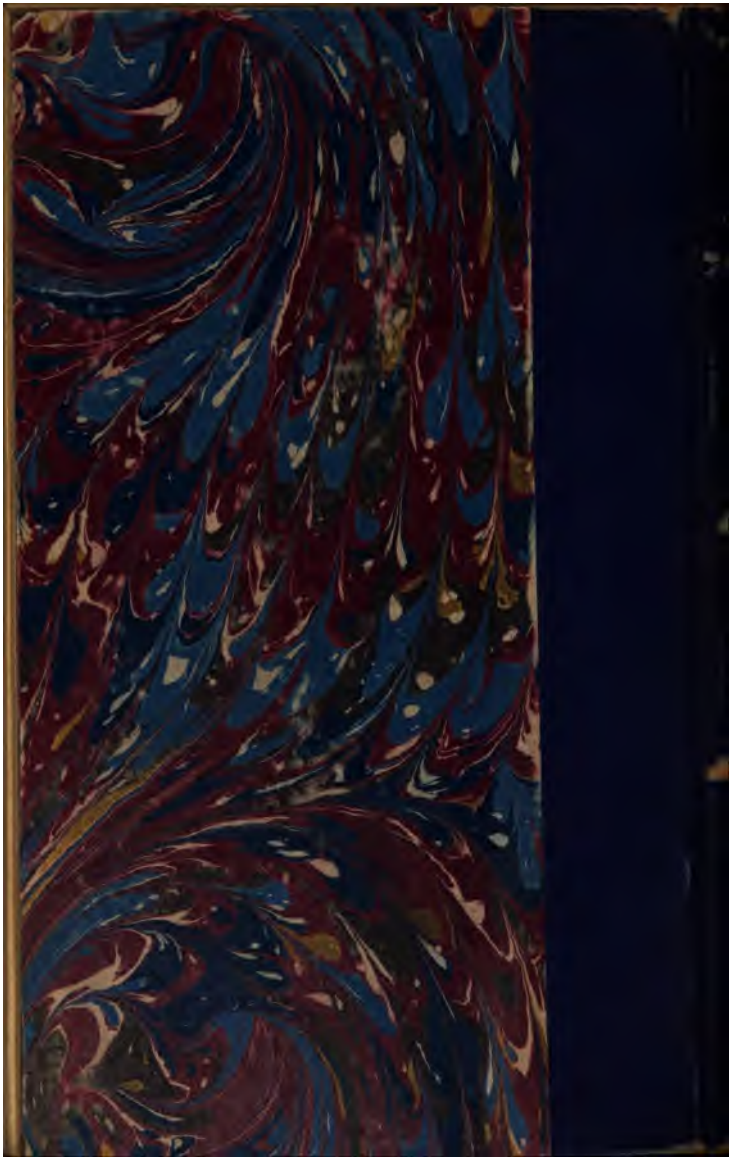
What tho', like all who own thy sway,
Tho' meaner powers I must obey,
Tho' vanity too oft must rule me,
The treacherous goddess ah persuade
Not too severely to degrade,
But with her harmless dreams to fool me.

Tell her to soothe my willing ear,
With hopes to lonely fancy dear,
That hours shall come of peaceful pleasures,
When many a maid of radiant eye,
Shall o'er my lyre in secret sigh,
And bless the bard, whose verse she treasures.

That e'en in learning's colder bowers,
The reasoner, on his vacant hours,
Shall find my muse no vain intruder;
Not feel his mind with feebler awe
Less willing bow to virtue's law,
And sure his gentle heart not ruder.

But be my soul by thee refin'd
From passions selfish and unkind,
To wealth no slave, to rank no suitor;
Be innocence my bosom's guard,
Benevolence my heart's reward,
And artlessness my only tutor.

Be ready still o'er place, o'er time,
My towering spirit to sublime;
When fortune frowns and would distress me,
When bleak the skies and bare the ground,
Bid all thy paradise around
Burst into bloom and smile and bless me.

THE END.

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